

"Why—my name is Miller," the astonished girl answered Manager Hitt.

"No, it ain't. Your'e wanted in Pittsburgh for shoplifting. Ain't you?"

"Why, no, Mr. Hitt, I'm not wanted anywhere for anything," Miss Miller answered the State street store manager.

"Yes, you are. Your'e a shoplifter and I know it," Hitt answered.

Then he called in his store detective, Andrew Whalen. Whalen is said to be very successful in forcing confessions from shop girls brought before him.

The two men closed the doors of Hitt's office and pulled their chairs up close by the one Miss Miller sat in.

"Now, come on, Marian; tell us how much you have stolen and we'll fix it up. Everything will be arranged," began Detective Whalen.

"Yes," chimed in Hitt, "give us all the stuff you took and we'll let you go."

"Why, I've never taken a thing from Hillman's or any other store," protested Miss Miller. "Why do you accuse me of this? My record is clean."

"Aw, cut the bluff," Miss Miller says she was told.

"I'm not bluffing and I'm going to my locker, get my coat and hat and leave your store right now," the woman answered.

"No, you don't," Whalen is said to have answered. "You don't leave this office. I'll get your coat and hat myself."

Whalen secured her clothing and they kept the woman in the office from 6 until 9 p. m., she says, against her will.

During the three long, hot hours in Manager Hitt's private office Marian says she was questioned, threatened, coaxed and bull-dozed to get an admission from her that she took things from Hillman's.

As a final straw calculated to break the stand of the trembling woman in front of him, Hitt drew a letter from

his desk, she says, and flashed it before her face.

"See," he said. "See. It says right here that you're a shoplifter. See here. You're wanted in Pittsburgh. What d'ye think of that?"

Miss Miller took the letter and read it. It was from the Miss Cohn she had given as a reference. It said that she was wanted for shoplifting in Pittsburgh.

"I never was wanted for shoplifting in my life, Mr. Hitt, and you have no right to hold me here. I didn't take a thing from your old store," and Miss Miller broke down and cried.

Hitt is used to tears. Many a girl employe has cried in front of him. He grabbed a phone and called the central police station.

"Well, will you confess or will you go to a cell?" she says he asked. The woman made no answer.

A few minutes later a patrol wagon drove up in front of Hillman's and the girl was carted to the South Clark street police station.

She was placed in a cell and held there forty-eight hours. She said they didn't give her any food.

The prisoner was visited regularly by detectives, she says, who asked her if she was ready to confess stealing from the State street stores. She said she had nothing to confess.

A dollar paid to the matron, Miss Miller says, gave her the use of the phone for a few minutes. She called up the only friend she had in Chicago and told him of her predicament.

This friend set about to get her out on bail, but when he called the South Clark street station he was told she was not held there.

After forty-eight hours in a cell Miss Miller was taken before Judge Heap at the South Clark street police court. Ed McGuire, brother of the head of the McGuire & White, big department store detective firm, appeared to prosecute.

He admitted that there was no evi-